

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Laura Hymers
River Ambler

When I stand on Battersea Bridge with you
I wonder why I ever went out
Stomping the pavements of Europe
With my limp torn Baedeker
Fraying in the heat

Why did I crave to see first hand
The stories I gorged on in winters
When our bones contain all the world
And you alone
In your ambling way
Can knit us into being

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

You and me babe, to the end

Through loneliness and craziness,
this natural seesaw that anchors and lifts off
propels and pulls

We make demands and command
but beneath it all I want you and you want me
and we want to be three you and me

And the one in between
and life really is as simple as that.
We propel and pull past loneliness, our headiness,

Halfway falling and all a-tiptoe tap
upon our seesaw's sea shattered slats,
a pair of persian pierrots and baby bache on your back.

As the swinging anchor restless
ticks off our tri-soul's fragile minutes
our fat love watches on, waiting out

The rumble tumble lift
the stratospheric soar
to a scene beyond the shore.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/1

Loose Words

There is a thing called a poem
like a moonbeam held in the palm
gone as soon as it is remembered

There is a memory of whom I once was
before I knew that I was
the first time I saw my face in the mirror

There is a mirror, a bright shiny thing
that stands between you and I
and cracks as I reach in and cut my hand

There is a scar on my hand from the day
I shattered that mirror. Do you remember?
It was blue and you said its reflection told lies

There is a mirror that I hold
in this scar that is my memory
that I give to you here in this poem